

STORIES ABOUT TOWN.

Farmer Reuben Strays Into a Topeka Dry Goods Palace,

BUT PRICES WERE NOT LUMPED

As He Had Anticipated—Other Tales of Topeka.

He was of the regulation sort, top boots, broad straw hat, leather blouse and overalls. There was a little amber stream that trickled from one side of his mouth and wandered unceasingly on and on like the babbling brook until it was lost forever in the little undergrowth of hair on his chin that might have passed for whiskers.

There was a chance that he had money, though, and as he entered the store of Stevenson & Co. Charley Nelson greeted him with a smile. It was supper time and Mr. Nelson was just closing the store.

The old farmer set his big black satchel down in the middle of the door where he could keep an eye on it. "Lowed I'd haf to stock up a little for the winter," he remarked. "Got a lot of gals out home what has fellaers. Got to have 'em look sort of presentable." Here he gave Mr. Nelson a friendly poke in the ribs, and Mr. Nelson yawned a laugh. "Got some more what's got to go to school. Plenty of girls. Married?"

Mr. Nelson was glad to be able to say that he was.

"Sorry," said the old fellow, "got some mighty fine gals. Know one of 'em like ye. Well, we won't quarrel 'bout that. Want somethin' to make dresses or? Wat ye got an' how much 's it with?"

The old gentleman talked for half an hour and did a great deal of arguing before he concluded that as there were six girls he needed about fifty yards of gray flannel and had it wrapped up.

"Gals is all right now. Now about yer blankets," asked the purchaser.

Mr. Nelson was glad to show him some blankets and finally he bought four pairs at \$4.50 a pair. They were white ones.

"Like red ones best," he said, "don't have to beat 'em so often. Better take white ones though. They're cheaper."

Comfortables were next in order and the old man bought a few cheap ones. He kept up his rambling, rambling conversation for at least two hours before he had \$27.50 worth of goods of various kinds stretched upon the counter.

It was an amazing pile.

"Mighty near a wagon load," he calculated.

Bullene Moore Emery & Co.,

Kansas City.

Ladies' Costumes, Jackets, Capes and Furs.

You have been waiting to see what we would do.

We invite you to the largest and best display of the kind ever made here.

Costumes, Jackets, Capes and Furs. Rich stuffs, modest stuffs, best stuffs.

We have reached into all the famous fashion spots and brought in the fresh choosing of everything worthy. Among them are models of elegance and taste prepared exclusively for you. Count the styles by hundreds.

New beauties from every point of looking.

We have gathered these things for you with the greatest care. They strike the keynote of the season's trade. They show you how the pulse of the fashion world is beating. Many of the styles and stuffs will be seen nowhere else. Full of bright thoughts. Full of hints that every lady will appreciate.

Even the rarest things are here at smallest prices, considering the cost of getting them. Our buyers have scoured the markets of the world for what you can see here in a few hours.

You have never before had such a comprehensive, tasteful, moneyful collection of Dresses and Wraps within your reach. The entire east half of the third floor is aglow with their brightness and cheerfulness.

The newest things in Dresses are the 44 and 48 inch Prince Albert and the Tandem Coats made of the most stylish materials.

In Capes "The Tourists" or "Golf" Cape are the most fashionable. An excellent assortment here.

The furs have arrived and what a sensation they created. Never more—never handsoner—never so pleasing.

New Seal Jackets. Seal Capes. Mink Capes. Marten Capes. Beaver Capes. Astrakhan Capes. Electric Seal Capes. French Cone Capes. Monkey Capes—in the most extreme fashions.

The goods and price story will interest every lady—will you come hear it?

Dress Goods.

The richest as well as the plain. Anything, so it is worth your buying. Materials from many lands. Novelties from Paris. Stuffs from Germany. England, Scotland, anywhere—all represented in this federation of fabrics.

Colors of every imaginable shade and tint and tone combined with the other complementary shade. The sweet enchantment of color blending rests on these. Among the new colors is Centaur, a handsome shade of green, and Artichaut, a delicate leaf tint. Revigo is a beautiful shade of blue, much like the peacock dye, but even richer in tone. The list of violets is extensive, shading to magenta and petunia in the reddish dye. Five distinct shades of red among the wools and silks and wool mixtures. Marquis, rust color, burnt bread, almond and mahogany are the favorite shades of brown.

While you are in the store take your lunch in our New Tea Room.

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lated with a squint of his eye as he dummed up the babbling brook of number for a moment with one swipe of his toll-stained hand. "What'll you take for it?"

"Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents," said Mr. Nelson.

"Give ye twenty dollars," declared the farmer in his cheerful way.

Mr. Nelson looked at the old man with a look that meant more in volume than a state labor report. There were the goods, wrapped up, there was an hour gone into the past, there was a supper at home that was cold and there was a whole lot of patience that wasn't there at all.

"Give ye twenty-five," continued the countryman.

Mr. Nelson reached for his hat and started for the door. He was speechless.

"Tell ye what I'll do," the old man persisted as he picked up his satchel and followed Mr. Nelson to the door. "Got a good haifer and a likely shot that's worth \$30 of any man's money? I'll give ye and not ask nothing for 'em."

They were on the outside now and the door was locked. Mr. Nelson started down the street and the countryman followed him swinging his satchel by his side.

"Give ye the shot, haifer an' twenty-five cents if ye'll throw in a box of paper collars."

Mr. Nelson quickened his pace.

There was a car coming. It wasn't going the way Mr. Nelson intended to go, but there was no other way out of it. Mr. Nelson stopped the car and got aboard.

"Shote haifer and fifty cents," yelled the farmer as the door slammed and the car started.

"Blamdest man I ever tried to trade with in all my life," said he to a policeman who stood near, and he sat down in a sidewalk to figure out how any sane man could lose such a fine chance to get a good haifer, a shot and fifty cents.

THE WIND CHANGED.

The Politician's Pass That Wasn't Good Any More.

Some old fellow with a long head and a good deal of experience said once that "circumstances alter cases" and there have been so very many occasions that it fitted since that the expression has the fuzz worn off it in several spots. There was a case, and a well defined one, on a certain train out of Topeka yesterday afternoon.

The gentleman who underwent the transformation in this particular case had the sleek and long look of a Kansas politician born and bred in some other state and fastened on this one. He had with him also his confidential air that is supposed to always make friends—and foes.

Besides this confidential air he had a leather satchel and an overcoat, both of which he threw upon the reversed seat in front, and plumped himself down beside a JOURNAL young man.

"This is a great road," he said, by way of opening a conversation—there was nothing else open.

The J. M. agreed with him, because he thought it would be more likely to induce a clearer atmosphere than otherwise.

"Yes," he continued, "this is a great road; one of the best in the west. I take a special interest and pride in it. I have lived by its circular piles and breathed the smoke of its engine in the summer nights. I know many of its projects, and have really seen it raised up from its infancy as you might say. It is now one of the most perfectly built, splendidly managed and handsomely equipped roads in the west if not in the world. It deserves the largest possible patronage of the public and I am pleased to note that it is getting it. Its officers are thorough railroad men and perfect gentlemen, all of them, and its employees are the most attentive and polite men I have ever met in similar positions. It is a positive pleasure to travel over it, and I always—Ah, conductor, good morning. No. 624 to Junction City today. Do you feel well this morning? Please—What? That pass not good now? Expired October 31st? Well, I asked 'em to make it good till after election."

"What? Pay \$2.14 to Junction City or get off? Never. I won't do it. It's an outrage sir; its nothing but robbery. Don't care a—about the rule sir. I say it is an outrage and none but a bankrupt, played out and managed by a set of hogs would think of such a thing. There's your \$2.14 and it's the last money I'll ever pay to ride in these wheezy, stuffy old stock cars over this streak of rotten logs and rust, and none of my friends shall either. I'll use my influence against your road, sir. Yes, sir; without mercy, sir. I'll make it cost your road so much that they'll come around and beg me to take back my \$2.14. You remember that, sir, and put it in your report."

The conductor was out of hearing now and the erstwhile passholder failed for some reason to resume the broken thread of conversation.

Good housewives never disagree as to the superiority of Dr. Price's Baking Powder over every other brand.

THE OLD FARMER FIXED 'EM.

He Had a Sackful That Would Frighten a Bluffer.

"These Republicans make me tired with their bluffing," said an old gray whiskered Populist, as he entered a well known Topeka hardware store yesterday, "they just keep shaking their money at me. I don't believe a single one of 'em will bet when it comes to the point I would bet quick enough but you see I don't happen to have the money and it riles me like the nation to be bluffed by a Republican when I just know Lewelling will be elected. Now see here I have only twenty cents and I want two pounds of iron washers and a shot sack. You see I will put the washers in the sack and those fellows will think I am loaded and we will see about this game of bluff."

He got what he wanted and left the store jingling the washers in the sack as if they were in reality \$20 gold pieces.

I, the widow of Henry Dowling, (deceased) wish to acknowledge and return my sincere thanks to the order known as the Ancient Order of United Workmen for their prompt settlement of my late husband's insurance. His death occurred on the 18th of October, 1934, and on the 20th of October, 1934, the recorder of Epworth lodge No. 344, of this city, delivered to me a check of said order for \$2,000. The above should be all the recommendation necessary for such a grand and benevolent order.

MADGE DOWLING.

"Gold Coins" stores at Shelden & Shelden.

DAVID WAS IN A RAGE.

He Roared and Shook His Raven Locks

IN THE ARION BUILDING LAST NIGHT.

There Was Much Loud Talk and Considerable Profanity.

David Overmyer made a very good Democratic speech at Flambeau hall last night, considering that the supply of superlative adjectives was considerably inadequate to the demand.

Flambeau hall at 210 Kansas avenue must be capable of seating at least 300 people but there were men in every available space and there were still lots of them stringing down the stairs.

It had been given out by the Democrats that seemed to know all about it that Mr. Overmyer intended to do some "skinning" and the announcement succeeded in its mission of drawing an audience.

There were several Democrats in the crowd.

Mr. Overmyer started out by apologizing for his physical condition. "It is not my purpose," said the stalwart Democrat who is drifting with the office of governor, "to roast anybody or to open any wounds. That's what most of you came to hear. I mean to be just to all and I expect all to be just to me."

Mr. Overmyer didn't say "just" what, but the people concluded he must have meant "awful" before he got through.

"Uphold the Democratic party," he demanded. "It is the only party in this country that has any principle. If people would vote for what they really wanted in this state without being hampered by party lines Democracy would win in Kansas by 100,000 majority."

"The late Democratic congress has done immense good for America in passing the Democratic tariff bill. (Applause, not much, but applause.)

"The Democratic party is fit to live."

Mr. Overmyer's overcoat interfered somewhat with the swinging of his head and he stopped here to remove it—the overcoat—while the crowd, expecting him to roll up his sleeves and trousers next, went into convulsions.

"The Democratic party will be here after your Republican party and your Populist party and your Prohibition party and your next reform party have gone and been forgotten."

Mr. Overmyer then devoted a little of his time to prohibition. In this part of his address he was particularly eloquent. "I am a lion," he seemed to say, "listen to me now."

"Prohibition is dead. I have always fought prohibition," Mr. Overmyer's well founded modesty prevented him from saying, "I did it."

"And yet," he continued, "I see men in this audience who have declared that I am a prohibitionist," (laughter), "liars, one and all."

"Prohibition is dead. It is only a question of how long the people will stand the smell of the carcass."

This seemed to settle the prohibition question in Mr. Overmyer's mind, at least, for once and all, and he next turned his attention to woman suffrage.

"Woman suffrage is an abomination. (Applause.) If we have woman suffrage we will have a government of 'the women' and 'the men.' (Laughter.) After 100 years of civilization and successful representation of the women by the men we are told by the withered women and faded witches of New England and the east that we need women's votes."

Mr. Overmyer here stopped to wrinkle up his nose and let the laughter die away.

"There are no ladies here," (there were some gentlemen, however, "and if there were I would say just this: the name 'Woman' was made for a function. Her whole nature tends to that function. She is a mountain of sympathy, and when you make a fighter of her you destroy that sympathy that makes her fit for motherhood."

"When woman gets to voting, you expect to have her's disgust here overcome him to such an extent that the English language failed him. 'Lolly lol lolly lol lolly lol,' he said with fine sarcasm, teetering up and down.

"We won't have any more use of tobacco, we won't wear any more, we won't stay out late at night, we won't do any more of the things you got those conditions? HELL!" yelled David, with tragic emphasis and all the bold face capitals he had in the shop. There was a wild tumult of applause.

"The Democratic party is the only party that dares say what it thinks of prohibition and yet it is said by some that it is the duty of the Democrats to vote for the Populists against Overmyer. Bah."

The enemy of prohibition who does not vote and who for the Democratic party now abandons his cause.

"I am not afraid to talk to you, I am clean."

The speaker here stopped to unfold his record. He told how he had supported the Democratic ticket for ten years past. How he got out of a sick bed against the orders of his doctor to speak for Martin when he was the candidate for governor.

"I think I am now entitled to something."

"Shame on the man who hasn't the courage to support his party."

At this point a note was handed to Mr. Overmyer and he stopped raving long enough to read it.

"Some jackass," he said, "wants to know where I was in 1893 when the Republicans were robbing the country. I was in the Republican party where he was probably through ignorance. He sent this note just now. (Laughter and applause.)

"Is it right to keep up the Democratic party, to hold a convention and nominate a state ticket, by — to open a headquarters and make a caucus, and then go to the polls and accept the advice of some to vote for the other party."

"Fellow Democrats, comment is unnecessary. I can describe such conduct in one word. 'Disonor.'"

Mr. Overmyer's speech was not a long one, and was over soon after nine o'clock. There was one very amusing incident connected with the address. In speaking of suffrage once Mr. Overmyer shook his finger toward one corner of the audience, and said: "How would you like to have your wife looked up all night in a jury room with that old fellow?"

In the close of his speech E. D. Christy, the man who sang with A. Q. Wilson, the temperance lecturer, arose and demanded to know if Mr. Overmyer meant him,

who give the same excuse, but of course they never intended to vote for the amendment. I think our motive for keeping the record is generally misunderstood. We want to find out who are our friends and make statistics for use in other states. It has been a very grave question whether party endorsement was the best thing or not and our record will clearly settle the point. We are not making the record so that we can get even with our enemies so much as we are to gather statistics of our friends, and to determine whether it is good policy to have a party platform endorsement.

"Some men say they consider our action very mean and underhanded, but the record will be made, and I am busy now in hunting up people who will keep the tallies for us."

THE NEW TIME CARD.

It Goes Into Effect on the Entire Santa Fe System Tomorrow.

The Santa Fe time card that takes effect over the entire system tomorrow will not make any great difference so far as Topeka is concerned. Train No. 1, the California & Texas night express will arrive at this place at 11:35 p. m. instead of 11:20 as now. The California limited will arrive at 3:45 p. m. instead of 3:35 p. m. as now.

East Bound Trains.

There has been one new east bound train put on, No. 2, which is a through train. It will leave Topeka at 4 a. m. The Kansas City local which now reaches Topeka at 1:50 p. m., will arrive at the same time. The Kansas City plug, which leaves at 7:30 a. m. has not been changed. The Chicago vestibule limited will arrive in Topeka at 5:45 p. m. instead of 5:35 p. m. as now. The Columbian limited which now reaches Topeka at 7:10 p. m. will arrive at 7:15 p. m. The Missouri river express, which arrives now at 5:40 a. m., will reach here at 3:25 a. m.

On the Atchison & St. Joseph branch the Pacific express will arrive at 10:55 a. m. instead of 11:30 a. m. as now. The night express will come in at 11:25 p. m. instead of 11:10 p. m. as now. East bound trains will leave as follows: St. Joseph express at 4:30 p. m., unchanged. The morning train will leave at 4:15 a. m. instead of 5:45 a. m. as now. The train leave for the West:

At 10:40 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 3:50 p. m.; 11:45 p. m. For Manhattan, 7:30 a. m. except Sunday. St. Joseph train arrives 10:55 a. m.; 11:15 p. m. Arrives from Leavenworth, via Okaloosa, 8:20 p. m.

Trains Leave for the East:

At 2:00 p. m.; 2:40 p. m.; 6:05 p. m.; 3:35 a. m.; 4:10 a. m.; 7:30 a. m. Arrives from Manhattan, 9:00 p. m., except Sunday. Leave for St. Joseph, 4:15 a. m.; 4:30 p. m. Leave for Leavenworth, via Okaloosa, 7:30 a. m., except Sunday.

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